

Truth or Dare

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Truth or Dare

by [gnftavi](#)

Summary

“I know you don’t know me, but I need a favor.” He seemed out of breath from the jog over, “I need to hook up with you. Like, right now. I’m George, by the way.”

“*What?*”

George sighed, seemingly annoyed that Dream wasn’t getting it right away, “It’s a dare. I never lose dares. Please?”

Notes

edit: SORRY I PUT THE WRONG TAGS I forgot to change them after i changed the outline a bit i apologize!! it should be fixed now :)

this idea came to me at like midnight yesterday and i havent been able to stop thinking about it so here you go hahah

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Dream hadn't planned on coming to this party— his best friend Sapnap had dragged him along. Now Sapnap was nowhere to be found, and Dream was stuck gripping a bottle of cheap beer, watching groups of people scattered across the wide expanse of the back yard.

The sun was setting, but it wasn't a problem. There were lights strung up across the whole area, and the host had just finished setting up the fire pit. It roared to life with sparks, earning cheers from party goers that gathered around.

Dream could feel the warmth of the flame on his face despite it being a good distance away. He could only imagine how hot they were standing right next to it.

Out of the corner of his eye, Dream spotted someone running his way. He tried to ignore them, hoping they would pass his seat, but that wasn't the case.

The boy stopped in front of Dream. Dream took a second to look him up and down, concluding that he didn't recognize him.

He had a fluffy mop of brown hair with a pair of sunglasses on his forehead. His skin was pale, but his cheeks were decorated with a pink blush and light freckles. He wore a loose flannel that looked about three sizes too large for his small frame, and a pair of sweatpants.

He was... Very pretty.

"Hello?" Dream asked, waiting for the man to say something.

The guy took a sip from the cup he was cradling before responding.

"I know you don't know me, but I need a favor." He seemed out of breath from the jog over, "I need to hook up with you. Like, right now. I'm George, by the way."

"What?"

George sighed, seemingly annoyed that Dream wasn't getting it right away, "It's a dare. I never lose dares. Please?"

Dream considered it for a minute, which he thought was crazy. How could someone just *have sex* as a dare?

"Um... I mean..." Dream struggled to find words, his face turning red.

"Okay. It's okay." George looked away defeatedly. He seemed to glance around to try and find someone else to ask.

"Hey! I didn't say *no*..." Dream mumbled, embarrassed.

George's face lit up, "Yes! Thank you! It'll be quick, I promise."

Dream stood from his lawn chair, mentally preparing himself for what was to come. It was all going so fast—he never thought he'd have a chance with someone like George in a million years. Even if it was just a one time thing, even if it didn't mean anything, it was still nerve wracking.

George took hold of Dream's wrist and started walking. Dream only then realized truly how short George was—he only came up to his shoulder at most. It was endearing.

"I'm Dream, by the way." Dream blurted nervously.

George turned to look at him briefly. He flashed a smile, and it made Dream's stomach do flips.

"Nice to meet you." George said simply.

George dragged Dream to the edge of the large backyard, looking back to the group around the bonfire periodically. He settled for a spot behind a couple bushes and let go of Dream's arm.

George quietly unzipped his backpack and shook out a small blanket, tossing it onto the ground.

“Sit.” George instructed as he rustled through his bag. “Or... Lie down.”

Dream did as he was told, leaning back on the soft blanket. He watched as George produced a bottle of lube and tossed it Dream’s way.

“Okay,” George took a breath, “You ready?”

Dream nodded anxiously. George nodded back, untying the strings of his pants. Dream slowly unbuttoned his jeans, pulling them down to rest a little past his knees.

George pulled everything off, including his boxers. He rested them in a neat pile next to his bag. Dream couldn’t help but stare. George’s legs and hips were so pretty— soft and gentle and freckled.

They framed his own legs well when George took a seat on his thighs, dragging Dream’s underwear down to release his cock. He was already rock hard just from feeling George’s soft skin against his.

George smiled a bit when he wrapped his hand around Dream’s dick. His hands were cool and soft, and it made Dream shiver.

“You’re so big.” George complimented, his thumb swiping away a bit of precum from his tip, “And so excited already.”

Dream’s hips bucked involuntarily. George chuckled low, leaning forward to look at Dream’s face up close. Dream groaned softly when he felt George’s dick rub softly against his own as he bent.

George examined Dream’s expression, eyebrows knitted, eyes half lidded and lustful. It was a sight to behold, and George soaked it up.

After a brief moment, George sat up again and poured a generous amount of lube onto Dream’s dick. It twitched at the cold liquid, and George slowly rubbed it in. Dream sighed out a soft moan, the sound mixing with the slick squelches from George’s hand.

“I’ll make it fast.” George promised.

“Y-you don’t *have* to.” Dream offered, earning a chuckle.

“Yes I do.”

George lifted his hips and positioned his hole over Dream’s cock. He lowered slowly, pressing the tip in easily. It slipped inside without a problem, and Dream leaned his head back with a low moan.

“Fuck, you’re big...” George sighed, slowly lowering himself down farther.

Dream had to resist ramming up into George.

“You’re so tight, George.” Dream let out another small noise.

Slowly, George reached the base of Dream’s dick. He gave himself a second to adjust before he began moving.

George lifted off, much quicker than Dream had expected. He didn’t pull off completely, though, leaving the tip in just barely before slamming his body back down.

Dream let out a strangled noise, the sudden pleasure overwhelming. George repeated the action a couple more times, the slow up and quick down. Both of their breaths were heavy, soft noises filling the air between them.

George eventually adjusted the pace, going a bit quicker and a bit softer. It was much better for Dream, as well, who was able to lift his hips in time with George to thrust in deeper.

Dream rested his hands on George’s hips. He gripped at the flesh tightly, handfuls of thigh that made George’s breath hitch with each touch.

“Y-you know...” George chuckled shakily, “You’re pretty good at this.”

Dream groaned and tilted his head back as George rolled his hips down onto his cock.

“So are you...”

George quickened his bouncing, moans becoming slightly more high pitched. Dream watched George’s dick bounce, leaking small beads of precum down the tip that dripped onto Dream’s chest.

Dream couldn’t hold himself back, his climax hitting him like a ton of bricks. He didn’t have time to warn George, either as he came with a loud groan. His eyes shut tight and hips pressed hard into George’s as he held him in place tightly.

George let him ride out his orgasm for a moment, relishing in the feeling of Dream’s warm cum filling him up. He soon continued his relentless pace, not letting Dream pull out.

Dream whined, a sound that was like music to George. He whined and gripped at George’s hips and legs, head thrown back. George kept going, feeling Dream’s cock harden back up quickly at the constant stimulation. Once he was in his right mind again, Dream started his thrusting again.

Dream could feel the cum leaking from George’s hole, heard it make a sticky noise as it attached to their legs and slapped against their skin with each thrust.

George suddenly doubled over, a moan bubbling up from his stomach as his hips picked up speed. Dream took the hint and sped up as well, sending George reeling. George’s eyes rolled back as he felt himself come closer to his own orgasm.

George quickly sat back up, scrambling to grab his phone and struggling to unlock it. He tapped a couple times before Dream heard the familiar sound of the record button. It threw Dream for a bit of a loop, but his thrusts didn’t stop.

“I-I need... I need proof.” George explained through soft moans.

George held the phone out, front camera focused on George's hips, capturing him and Dream's frantic chase of pleasure. Dream could only imagine how hot it'd be to be able to rewatch a sight like this.

Dream quickly wrapped his hand around George's cock, and George's breath hitched. He began to stroke it quickly, and George's moans grew louder.

George's orgasm was coming on fast, his head swirling.

"I'm s-so close..." George breathed out, "Don't stop."

Dream did the opposite, ramming into George with all his strength while he jerked him off. George's breathing became strained, barely able to formulate words. He moaned loudly, not worrying about what any of the other guests thought.

"I'm gonna—" George didn't finish before he was cut off by a whine.

Dream watched him throw his head back, body tightening as his dick was stroked through his orgasm. He came thick, white ribbons over Dream's shirt with a string of curses and high pitched moans.

Dream's second orgasm came shortly after, the newfound tightness of George's muscles around him making him see white as he came. He could feel the hot liquid seep out of George's hole and drip down his thighs.

The pair sat in the same position for a moment, panting and basking in the afterglow of their intense climaxes.

Soon enough, George tossed his phone down, stopping the recording. Dream slowly pulled out with a soft groan. He sat up, bringing George into his lap.

George needed a longer break than Dream did, sitting in silence as he let the cum drip slowly down his legs.

“That was... amazing.” Dream said to break the quietness between them.

“Y-yeah.” George answered, breathing deeply, “You’re... Really fucking good at this.”

Dream felt a bit of pride swell in his chest. He held George in his arms briefly before George pulled back.

“I need to get back.” George explained, standing abruptly.

Dream stood as well, pulling his pants back up and buttoning them. George struggled with his own, using a clean corner of the blanket to clean himself off a bit.

He quickly stuffed his belongings into his backpack once again, then waved a quick goodbye. With that, George slowly jogged back over to the fire pit.

Dream stood by himself behind the bush for a while, clearing his head. He took a minute to process what had just happened, but it was difficult.

He abandoned his dirty shirt, opting to just zip up his jacket instead. His mind raced when he looked at the cum stains on his garment.

Dream tried to forget about George, but he couldn’t. All he could think about was his soft skin, his pretty moans. It was driving him crazy.

On his way back to his previous seat, he noticed George’s illuminated silhouette by the fire. George sent him a glance, to which Dream waved. He noticed a couple of people gathered around him and his phone, all whispering to each other. It made Dream nervous.

Dream figured it’s now or never. What’s the worst that could happen?

He slowly approached the fire, looping around to George’s seat. He put a hand on George’s shoulder, leaning over to whisper softly into his ear.

“Hey, George.” Dream whispered, and it caught the attention of a couple of people seated next to him.

“Dream?” George asked softly.

Someone from the group elbowed someone else, snickering as they whispered ‘that's him!’.

“I was wondering... Um...” Dream cleared his throat, “Can I have your number?”

George looked taken aback. He turned to look at Dream, who was trying to hide a blush.

Without a word, George pulled out his phone and made a new contact, prompting Dream to add himself to it. Dream did, and George sent him a simple ‘hi’.

Dream’s phone dinged, and he gave a satisfied smile. He gave George’s shoulder a small squeeze before walking away slowly, hiding his excitement. George would never have admitted, but he was a bit giddy as well.

A couple of cheers were heard from the fire as Dream reached his seat. On the ground next to the lawn chair, Dream noticed his friend sitting. He held out an unopened can to Dream, who happily took it. He took a long sip before turning to Sapnap.

“Sapnap, you’re not gonna *believe* what just happened.”

End Notes

:) check out some of my other dnf oneshots if u want!

i also have twt ans tumblr (same user as here) for fic updates if ur interested!

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